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THE LONDON JOURNAL

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

PLEASURE, PAIN, AND KNOWLEDGE.

"PLEASURE, pain, and knowledge!" echoes the Reader;—"what a vast subject! Why, it includes all that you, Mr London Journalist, or anyone else, ever write about!"

True; and far be it from us to attempt cramming such an universe of a subject into the nutshell of an "article." We only propose to give two specimens of the enjoyment of a pleasure, and the endurance of a pain, in the instance of the one and the same individual, for the purpose of showing how truly the two things accord, when both are genuine, and to what useful account such a man may turn every piece of knowledge he acquires. Nor is the instance Roman or Grecian, or of the possessor of any illustrious or public name,—personages whose business it appears to be heroic, and to furnish illustrations for school-themes, and whom, secretly (owing, perhaps, to the formality and tiresomeness of those themes) one feels too often inclined to leave to the practice and glory of their virtues as things ancient and foreign to us, like their garments, or fit only to be immortalized in stone,—petrifications of ambitious ethics,—not flesh and blood, or next door neighbours,—stars for the sky, not things of household warmth and comfort,—not feasible virtues,—or if feasible, rendered alien somehow by distance and strangeness, and perhaps accompanied by vices which we are hardly sorry to meet with, and which our envy (and something better) converts into reconcilements of their virtue;—as when we hear, for example, that old Cato drank, or Phocion said an aristocratical thing on the "hustings," or Numa (as a Frenchman would say) visited a pretty girl "of afternoons,"—Ma'amelle Egerie,—who, he pretended to the world, was a goddess, and an oracle, and gave him thoughts on legislation. And so, of the professed men of pleasure in the ancient world, or indeed of professed men of pleasure at any time (for their science makes them remote and peculiar, and a sort of body apart, —*excessively Free Masons*) we do not think ourselves bound to resemble them. Their example is not pernicious, much less of any use for the attainment of actual pleasure. Who thinks of imitating the vices of Caesar or Alexander, out of an ambition of universality? (what a preposterous fop would he be!) or of stopping to drink and carouse when he ought to be moving onward, because Hannibal did it? or of being a rake, because Alcibiades had a reputation of that sort (unless, perhaps, some one of our lively ultra-classical neighbours, whose father has indiscreetly christened him *Alcibiade*, and who studies Greek beauty in a ballet)? We do not think of imitating men in Greek helmets or the Roman toga. Their example is only for school-exercises, or to be brought forward in the speech of some virgin orator. We must have heroism in a hat and boots, and good fellowship at a modern table. It is our every day names, Smith, Jones, and Robinson, that must be instanced for an example which we can thoroughly feel. Has Thomson done a handsome action? Everybody cries, "What a good fellow is Thomson!" and glows

to be like him. Is a living man of wit effeminate and a luxurious liver? The example becomes perilous. It is no remote infection, no "Plague of Athens." The disease is next door,—a pestilence that loungeth at noon,—a dandy cholera.

Nobody cares much for Pætus and Arria, and the fine example they set. Those Romans seem bound to have set them, for the benefit of the "Selectæ e Profanis," and the publications of Mr Valpy. Lucetia sits "alone in her glory," a kind of suicide statue,—too hard of example to be followed. We cannot think, somehow, that she felt much, except as a personage who should one day be in the classical dictionaries. And Portia's appears an odd and unfeeling taste, who swallowed "burning coals," instead of having a proper womanly faint, and taking a glass of water.

But tell us of "Mrs Corbet" (celebrated by Pope), who heroically endured the cancer that killed her, and we understand the thing. Recount us a common surgical case of a man who has his leg cut off without wincing; and being no farther than St Bartholomew's Hospital, it comes home to us. Tell us what a good fellow Thomson the poet was, or how Quin took him out of a spunging-house with a hundred pounds, or how Johnson "loved to dine," or Cowper to solace his grief with flowers and verses, and we all comprehend the matter perfectly, and are incited to do likewise.

We shall make no apology, therefore, to our Readers, nor to the friend himself of whose powers of enjoyment and endurance we are about to give them a taste, for laying before them the substance of two letters which we have lately received from the same individual, one of the best of good fellows, who would fain enjoy this beautiful creation to the utmost, and have it enjoyed by others. He need not fear, however, that we shall often steal this kind of march upon him, for such pleasures and pains (at least the latter) do not occur every day, and the former concerns the LONDON JOURNAL; for which reason we quote it here, to show in what sort of spirit of enjoyment we would have our paper read by every body if possible (and in sight of other persons' grounds, if they have none of their own), and for the purpose of exhibiting with greater force the pangs, and the endurance of them which follow.

In January last we had the pleasure of receiving, from this friend, a letter containing the following passage. Speaking of the JOURNAL, he says:—

"I never fail to read it every Sunday morning in my library, the windows of which overlook a lawn and shrubbery, with a fine grass field adjoining, and having a full view of the banks of a rivulet running along the boundary of my grounds, which are high and beautifully wooded; and commanding besides, over the tops of the fine trees, a more distant view of the high lands of G—, the outline of which is agreeably broken by the spire of a country church, which stands upon the very summit. I describe the locality because it accords so well with 'the spirit of the book,' and because I hope, that if things go on prosperously with you, you may be induced, at no very distant period, to pay a visit to your friends in the north, and to make my house your home."

This house we have never yet seen; but from what we have experienced with our friend in another, we know it must be the abode of all good and

hospitable things, and of that rational fair play between enjoyment and the earning of it, which seems to secure a good-hearted man from the chances of any very extraordinary suffering (except what the loss of those he loves might create), and especially of physical suffering, and the pangs of wounds and positive bodily carving. Yet such pangs, not long after the inditing of this luxurious passage, was our friend doomed to undergo; and undergo them he did, as well as if he had been bred up to nothing but endurance. This comes of mixing up intellect with one's pleasures,—of getting part of one's luxuries, O candid Reader! out of LONDON JOURNALS and PRINTING MACHINES. The other day our friend was standing bathing himself from head to foot, with one leg raised at a little distance from the ground, and immersed in a vessel of water, the bottom of which was of earthen-ware. Whether the vessel had been cracked since he last used it, or he pressed harder than usual, evidence sheweth not; but on a sudden, sharply goes his leg through the splitting and cutting earthenware; horribly follows his hand and arm (he being thrown off his balance); and in an instant, arteries were divided, bones laid bare, lumps of the living flesh laid upon the floor; and the man, who has just been enjoying the happy feeling of luxurious cleanliness, was leaning over his torment, in bleeding and burning astonishment.

"I recovered myself, however (says he), in a moment, withdrew my leg and arm from this horrible trap, and instantly perceived that it was only by promptitude that I could possibly save my life. The blood was flowing in a most frightful manner, particularly from the leg, in which three arteries were divided. I got hold of the bell-rope, and rang until the servants appeared. I despatched one to N—, a distance of two miles, for my surgeon, and directed the others to bring some silk handkerchiefs; with which, under my direction, they formed ligatures for the leg and arm. Fortunately I had some anatomical knowledge, and knew precisely where to put the ligatures; and I soon had the satisfaction of perceiving that they had answered the desired purpose, the flow of blood having, in a great measure, ceased. All this was accomplished in about five minutes, and during that time I lost about six quarts of blood. I then got the servants to assist me into bed, where I lay patiently until the surgeon arrived, which was in about an hour. He found the 'tendon Achilles' laid bare to the extent of about four inches, and four small pieces jagged out of it, but it was not cut through. The shin-bone was laid bare for about three inches, and part of the bone scraped off. By a slanting cut upwards, the calf of the leg was completely detached from the bone; and the joints of three of the toes were laid bare. So much for the leg. As to the other unfortunate limb, the joints of three fingers were laid bare, a good large piece of flesh completely cut away, and lying upon the floor, and there were two or three other deep cuts in it."

Our friend, being a reader of philosophy, made up his mind that it was proper for him to practise a bit of it; and so he resolved not to stir an inch, or to utter a groan, while the surgeon was sewing up his wounds and securing his arteries. And he kept his determination. Let the Reader imagine the horrible jagged wounds, caused by such blunt, blind, un-

weapon-like weapons as *crochery*!—the torn and pulled-away flesh,—the bare, bone-scraped shin, part of the bone itself scraped away,—the whole body smarting and burning, as it always seems to do, when any part of it is in such suffering; and then the weakness occasioned by the loss of blood, enough to make the patient more sensitive, though not enough to throw a “manly man” into a swoon and forgetfulness;—and he will honour the courage of our friend, and see why we make public this specimen of the use of knowledge and fortitude, and of the spirit in which true Readers enter into the pleasure of London Journalism;—of which more anon; for we are not going to give up the credit of that matter, or to lose the opportunity of trumpeting or inculcating it. Here, we see, was no effeminacy and whining—no fuss-making—not even the movement of a limb, to throw out the nice hand of the surgeon, and do dishonour to his skill. Our friend, being a man of true pleasure, is a man of true patience; enjoys himself because he is a man; endures himself because he is a man; and gets knowledge as he goes, in order that he may enjoy and endure in the best manner. And as his “useful knowledge” (more immediately so called) enabled him to anticipate the first proceedings of the surgeon, and probably to save his very life; so the other utility of his pleasurable knowledge, his London Journalism, and his love of the fields and trees, assisted him in gracing his knowledge, and superinducing upon it the beauty of patience, and of making the best of things.

Well, he writes to us on the 17th of May, and says he has been laid up since the 4th of January, during all which time he has been little out of his bed. He has now gone to another place for the benefit of the warm bath and the waters, and expects to be quite well again in a month, but is restricted from undergoing any mental exertion, even the writing of a letter; which order he breaks through, for the purpose of answering that of a friend.

“Now, my dear fellow,” concludes he, “had I got half such a carving from some confounded French ‘Captain Sword’ at the battle of Waterloo, I should have gained great honour and glory, and a pension to boot; but having had my limbs cut into cat’s-meat by so inglorious a machine, I get, of course, neither the glory nor the pension. This I consider very savage of destiny; but I cannot help it. The JOURNAL has been a great comfort to me during my confinement.”

And so he ends, with more of his usual kindness. We like to think of our JOURNAL lying on his bed, like a beam through his shutters, or a flower brought him by some fairer friend; and we would fain have it lie on every suffering bed throughout the kingdom; not merely because it would be good for ourselves (or how should we be able to write it? how gather grapes from such mercenary thorns, or figs from such thistles?), but because we might do something towards diminishing pain in general, and inducing a habit of kindly fortitude.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

WILKIE, AUTHOR OF THE ‘EPICURIAD.’

[We extract this account from Anderson’s life of him, certainly not because Wilkie is any longer to be considered an eminent man, though he was once thought such, and his poem praised by Hume as “an ornament to the language.” His poem has gone to oblivion among other cantos of classical commonplace; and he himself remains only, to curious readers, as an eccentric individual, acute probably in his understanding though preposterous in some of his habits, and perhaps overvalued by his contemporaries partly on that account; for rationality is sometimes set off by what is irrational, out of the mere force of contrast. However, it is impossible to say what intellectual phenomena may not appear in this wonderful world, even in the shape of haters of clean sheets and parsimonious poets! and a man who obtained the admiration of such acquaintances as

Wallace and Smith, could not have been a common one.]

In his public capacity as a preacher, says Mr Robertson, (minister of Ratho,) he was rather original and ingenious than eloquent; and, though he never pursued the ordinary acts of popularity, never failed to fix the attention of his audience. The peculiarity, variety, and even eccentricity of his sentiments or reasoning, invariably procured him approbation. In his public character, he observed a thousand oddities and inattentions. He generally preached with his hat on his head, and often forgot to pronounce the blessing after public service. Once I saw him dispense the sacrament without consecrating the element. On being told, he made a public apology, consecrated and served the second table; after which, he went to the pulpit to superintend the service, forgetting to communicate himself, till informed of the omission by his elders. In his dress he was uncommonly negligent and slovenly, and, in his whole manner of life, totally inattentive to all those little formalities on which the generality of mankind are apt to value themselves. He was immediately addicted to the use of tobacco, particularly chewing, in which he went to such extreme excesses, that it was thought, by all his acquaintance, highly prejudicial to his health, and perhaps a cause of his premature death. He was fond of medical aid, but always disputed, and often rejected the prescriptions of doctors; hence he was thought whimsical both in his complaints and his management of them. He slept with an immoderate quantity of bed-clothes. One day he visited a farmer in the neighbourhood, a relation of his own; when prevailed on to stay all night, he begged he might have plenty of bed-clothes. His female friends in the family collected and put on his bed twenty-four pair of blankets. When asked next morning if he had plenty of bed-clothes, he answered he had just enough, and had slept well. He abhorred nothing so much as clean sheets, and whenever he met with such, he wrapt them up, threw them aside, and slept in the blankets. One evening, at Hutton, being asked by Lady Lauderdale to stay all night, he expressed an attachment to his own bed, but said, if her ladyship would give him a pair of foul sheets, he would stay.

Hard circumstances, says Dr Robertson, minister of Dalmany, oppressed Wilkie for the greater part of his life, and produced that strong attention to money matters, with which he has been reproached by those who could not explain it. It proceeded, in fact, from a singular love of independence, the passion of a stately mind. He shuddered at the thought of coming under the power of any man, and could hardly think of walking the streets, lest any person to whom he was indebted should meet him. When his father died, he had to borrow the money that was to bury him. He went to an uncle for ten pounds, and was refused. These events could but ill sit upon his mind. After he came to better days, I have often heard him say, says Mr Liston, “I have shaken hands with poverty up to the very elbow, and I wish never to see her face again.” Hence a parsimony to the extreme. Yet, in wealth, would we brand him with the love of money for its own sake. Another passion came in: he loved his relations; and it was his common maxim, that no man should ever break with his kindred. He was not long minister of Ratho, till he apprehended his life would be short; he had two sisters that he feared would be left destitute immediately upon his death. Apprehensive on their account, he always lived plain, heaped up every penny, and at last died worth two or three thousand pounds; not so much acquired by savings, however, as by a rapid profit from his own favourite art of agriculture, in the perfect skill of which no man excelled him. At the same time, after the short period that he became possessed of money, his friends could see that he could part with it. It was his custom to pay the bill, even when travelling with several of his relations that could afford their share. After he settled at St Andrews, his private charities were not less than twenty pounds a year. Born for intense thought; for total absence of mind in ordinary matters; plunged in poverty in early life, without a domestic about his person, and even without the means of any elegance whatever, he naturally became slovenly, dirty, and even nauseous. He chewed tobacco to excess, and at last made himself believe that it was good for his health. It seems on all hands agreed, that no mortal was equal to him in conversation and argument. His own explanation of it was, that he took the right side, while his antagonists took the wrong to display their ingenuity and learning. I have heard the late Dr Wallace, author of the ‘Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind,’ say, nobody could venture to cope with him. His knowledge in almost all things was deep, solid, and unanswerable. His reasoning was plain to a child. In shrewdness he had no rival. Both his manner and thoughts were masculine in a degree peculiar to himself. Dr Smith says, it was an observation of the late lord Elibank, that wherever Wilkie’s name happened to be mentioned in a company, learned or unlearned, it was not soon dropped; everybody had much to say. In short, he was a great and an odd

man. His character, I will venture to say, will never be successfully written, but by a great hand; and even, when written, the theory of the man is above common comprehension.”

It was remarkable, says Professor Dalzel, that Wilkie with all his learning, could neither read nor spell. I myself was witness to his ignorance of the art of reading. When I was a very young man, residing at Hutton, Wilkie came from St Andrews, on a visit to Lord Lauderdale. He staid a few days, and all the personal knowledge I had of Wilkie was acquired during that time. ‘The Judgment of Paris,’ a poem by Dr Beattie, was brought to Hutton one of those days, as a new publication. Wilkie asked me to retire with him, that we might read and criticise the poem together. At first, when he began to read, I imagined he did not understand the verses at all; as he surely committed the saddest havoc in the point of quantity and pronunciation, that can well be imagined, and even miscalled several of the words. And yet his criticisms were so just, and so happily expressed, that I was charmed with the elegance of his taste, and the propriety of his observations.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXII.—A GENTLEMAN’S REVENGE.

[FROM Mr Millar’s ‘Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland,’ noticed in our last. Is not ‘Jean Seymour’ an incorrectness? Sir Robert Monro’s father (also a Sir Robert) married a Jean,—daughter of John Forbes, Esq.; but in ‘Burke’s Peerage and Baronetage,’ the Sir Robert of the present story married a Mary Seymour, and it is possible that this was the true name, from the circumstance of his great-grand-daughter’s being christened ‘Mary Seymour,’—a pleasing evidence, by the way, of the impression which her fair ancestor had left in the family. The following is Mr Burke’s notice of this truly gallant and interesting man:—“Sixth (baronet) Sir Robert, a gallant military officer, who fell at the battle of Falkirk, fighting against the Pretender, on the 17th of January 1746. Sir Robert married Mary, daughter of Henry Seymour, Esq., of Woodlands, in the county of Dorset.” The present baronet is his grandson. His son, Sir Henry Monro, is recorded as distinguished for his “great classical attainments.” The Monros appears to have been an interesting race. We believe the young Monro, who was killed some years ago by a tiger in the East-Indies (torn away by the animal, as he was sitting with a party), was of this family, and we think we have read he was a very good and genteel fellow. The Sir Robert here mentioned had a brother killed with him at Falkirk, and another who died in the same way, seven months afterwards, in the Highlands. His only sister survived him for nearly twenty years, “a striking example (says Doddridge) of profound submission and fortitude, mingled with the most tender sensibility of temper.” See the passage in Millar, p. 427.]

THE following anecdote of Sir Robert, which I owe to tradition, sets his character in a very amiable light. On his return from Flanders in 1712, he was introduced to a Miss Jane Seymour, a beautiful English lady. The young soldier was smitten by her appearance, and had the happiness of perceiving that he had succeeded in at least attracting her notice. So happy an introduction was followed up into intimacy, and at length, what had been only a casual impression on either side, was ripened into a mutual passion of no ordinary warmth and delicacy. On Sir Robert’s quitting England for the north, he arranged with his mistress the plan of a regular correspondence, and wrote to her immediately on his arrival at Foulis. After waiting for a reply with all the impatience of the lover, he sent off a second letter complaining of her neglect, which had no better success, and shortly after a third, which shared the fate of the two others. The inference seemed too obvious to be missed, and he strove to forget Miss Seymour. He hunted, he fished, he visited his several friends, he involved himself in a multiplicity of concerns, but all to no purpose; she still continued the engrossing object of his affections, and after a few months’ stay in the Highlands, during which his very character seemed to have undergone a radical change for the worse, he again returned to England. When waiting on a friend in London, he was ushered precipitately into the midst of a fashionable party, and found himself in the presence of his mistress. She seemed much startled by the encounter; the blood mounted to her cheeks, but, suppressing her emotion by a strong effort, she turned to the lady who sat next her, and

began to converse on some common topic of the day. Sir Robert retired, and, beckoning to his friend, entreated him to procure him an interview with Miss Seymour. This was effected, and an explanation ensued. The lady had not received a single letter, and forming, at length, from the seeming neglect of her lover, an opinion of him similar to that from which she herself was suffering in his esteem, she attempted to banish him from her affection; an attempt, however, in which she had been scarcely more successful than Sir Robert. They were gratified to find that they had not been mistaken in their first impressions of each other, and they parted more attached, and more convinced that the attachment was more mutual than ever. In less than a month after Miss Seymour became Mrs. Monro.

Sir Robert succeeded in tracing all his letters to one point, a kind of post-office in the confines of Inverness-shire. There was a proprietor in this neighbourhood who was deeply engaged in the interests of the Stuarts, and decidedly hostile to Sir Robert, the seion of a family which had distinguished itself, from the first dawn of the reformation, in the cause of civil and religious liberty. There was, therefore, little difficulty in assigning an author to the contrivance; but Sir Robert was satisfied in merely tracing it to a discovery; for, squaring his principles of honour rather by the morals of the New Testament than by the dogmas of that code which regards death as the only expiation of insult or injury, he was no duellist. An opportunity, however, soon occurred of his avenging himself in a manner agreeable to his character and principles. On the breaking out of the Rebellion of 1715, the person who had so wantonly sported with his happiness joined with the Earl of Mar, and, after the failure of the enterprise, was among the number of the proscribed; Sir Robert's influence with the government, and the peculiar office to which he was appointed, gave him considerable power over the confiscated property, and his power he exerted to its utmost in behalf of the wife and children of the man by whom he had been injured. "Tell your husband," said he to the lady, "that I have now repaid him for the interest he took in my correspondence with Miss Seymour."

FINE ARTS.

An Easy Introduction to Perspective, for the Use of Young Persons. Sixth edition, revised, corrected, and improved, with new Plates. By J. C. Burgess, Professor of Perspective Drawing and Painting in Families and Schools. London: printed for the Author.

"It is true that books of this kind have been greatly multiplied, and that, consequently, the republication of this introduction might appear superfluous; but then it will be conceded by all who are experimentally acquainted with the subject, that, however vain it may appear, almost every instructor thinks his own method of imparting instruction preferable to that of others. But without detracting from treatises on the same subject, which would seem invidious, I must observe, that I cannot help thinking those I have perused are, some of them, too abstruse and prolix, while others are unsatisfactory from their extreme brevity, and most of them rather deficient in simplicity and perspicuity."

So writes Mr Burgess in his preface; and the case is, undoubtedly, just as he has represented it. We have perused other works on the subject, and perfectly agree with his views of the generality. We have one by us, which, from a desire on the part of its author to make Perspective rank among the exact sciences, is composed intirely in the form of postulates, axioms, and propositions, each tagged with its Q. E. D.; and might be taken at the first glance for a Euclid. It is true that the author develops his subject with most clear and logical demonstration; but he has himself prepared for the necessity, by burying his meaning in assumed obscurity; and, as artists are not often profoundly versed in mathematics, its form makes its very unlikely that it could be generally useful. It is, however, complete and satisfactory. This is the extreme of the elaborate class. Mr Burgess's own work may be instanced as the extreme on the other side. The author appears to have a very competent knowledge of his subject, but he is too confident in his powers, and takes his own clear perception of his own meaning, for an equally clear development of it to others. For the sake of brevity, too, we must suppose he has

omitted most important and constituent parts of an elementary treatise on perspective. There is no explanation of the optical truth on which the rules of the art are founded; that every picture, in fact, represents a transparent plane, through which we view the objects delineated; that the pencils of light reflected from the liminary points of natural objects, transmitted through a transparent plane (as the pane of a window, for instance), intersect that plane at certain points, whose proportionate distance is determined by the actual size of the objects, and their relative distance from the eye of the spectator; for it is obvious that an object of a certain length or breadth, subtends an angle formed by the pencils of light proceeding from its extremity to the eye of the spectator, and that angle must diminish or increase as the object recedes or approaches the eye; and, finally, that the legs of the angle will intersect a plane, which is at a fixed distance from the eye at points more or less near to each other, in exact proportion to the angle formed at the eye; and that the pencils of light transmitted from all parts between the extremities of the object, will pass between those points in the plane: therefore the distance between those points will be the apparent proportion that the object will bear to the whole size of the plane, as seen by the eye. Such is the fundamental law of natural perspective; that of artificial perspective forms the converse; a picture is an opaque plane, which is to represent a transparent one; and the same objects being laid down at different measurements, and subtending a varying angle at the eye, will appear of different distances. In the former case, the true size of the object is fixed, the distance and the apparent size vary in a certain proportion: in the latter case, the true distance is fixed, the size and the apparent distance vary in a certain proportion. This important point is altogether overlooked in Mr Burgess's work, or at most casually alluded to, by observing that distance diminishes the apparent size of objects. Oblique perspective is very slightly and carelessly mentioned, and the linear perspective of shadows is not so much as mentioned at all. The plates are clearly, but not very carefully drawn, and from the distance point being mostly taken too close, the figures are distorted; thus the chair, in Plate III, looks like a sort of sofa. In short, Mr Burgess's treatise contains nothing that may not be found in other books on perspective; but omits many necessary points, which they generally contain, without, however, being a jot more clear or simple. There is a very unpretending book, written by a man of the name of Noble, now probably out of date (we have not the volume by us to refer to), which is the simplest, the clearest, most reasonable, and most practical elementary work we have ever seen on the subject. We recommend Mr Burgess to obtain a sight of it, and then let him say whether or not we have been severe upon his deficiencies.

The remarks on the insufficiency and tiresomeness of mechanical apparatuses for drawing are perfectly just; for lovers of the arts they are quite unfitted; they are only calculated for the use of travellers, who, not having sufficient practical knowledge of drawing, are enabled, by their means alone, to preserve memorials of scenes they have visited, for themselves and their friends at home; and for this purpose they are invaluable. The following is an interesting fact:—

"And it may be observed that the study of this and other sciences, as occupation for those who have much leisure, is in many respects vastly superior to those dissipating pursuits, which are often injurious to health, endanger life, and are attended with enormous expense. To prove this, I would just relate an anecdote, the circumstances of which are of recent occurrence. A nobleman, who has a large family, and had for many years been almost wholly devoted to field sports, to hunting, coursing, racing, shooting, &c. &c. &c., lately became fond of drawing; and his fondness for this art so wonderfully increased, that he gave up his horses and his hounds, is now almost constantly in the society of his lovely and accom-

plished lady, and his beautiful children, and occupies several hours daily in the practice of this very pleasing art."

Landscape Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies, with Comments for the Curious. Part I. London. J. Power.

A FITTER work than 'Moore's Melodies' could scarcely be selected for landscape illustrations; the local allusions are so frequent. We are told, on all hands, that the Green Isle is most lovely in its scenery; and we generally know so little about it, compared to other places famous for their beauty. The present number contains four views—'The Meeting of the Waters,'—the 'sweet vale of Avoca,' a charming scene, 'Innisceathery,' a strange and solemn scene, with that old abbey, and that old, old tower, looking so solitary and sacred; 'St Kelvin's Bed,' and 'The Wicklow Gold Mines.' The engravings are nicely executed by S. Rawle; though the third is perhaps a little heavy and murky. We can only object to the high price of the Part, which, we think, is likely to be a serious obstacle to an extensive sale.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

[Continued.]

THOUGH the disposition of Lamb to sacrifice his own feelings and inclinations to those of other people in whom he took a personal interest, was infinitely more conspicuously exercised (as well it might be) in the case I have alluded to above than in any other, yet the disposition itself was an inherent feature of Lamb's character, and showed itself in numerous instances, the details of which would be full of interest and curiosity. A few of them I may allude to; and I do so the rather that the rare and almost more than mortal virtue which they display was shared in its utmost strength and beauty by her who has been left to mourn his loss, with a grief which must be so dreary and desolating, that it is impossible for those who can appreciate it to help exclaiming—

"Happy in my mind was he that died!"

At Islington, and afterwards at Enfield, they had a favourite servant—"Becky." She was an excellent person in all respects; and not the worse that she had not the happiness of comprehending the difference between genius and common sense,—between "an author" and an ordinary man. Accordingly, having a real regard for her master and mistress, she used not seldom to take the liberty of telling them "a bit of her mind," when they did anything "odd," or out of the common way. And as (to do them justice) their whole life and behaviour were as little of a common-place as could well be, Becky had plenty of occasions for the exercise of her self-imposed task, of instructing her master and mistress in the ways of the world! Becky, too, had the advantage of previous experience in observing and treating the vagaries of extraordinary men; for she had lived for some years with Hazlitt before she went to the Lambs. The consequence was, that though, so far as I ever heard or observed, she was never wanting in any one particular of her duties and office, she was very apt to overstep them, and trench on those of her master and mistress. In performing the *metier* of housekeeping, the Lambs were something like an excellent person of my acquaintance, who, when a tradesman brings him home a pair of particularly well-fitting boots, or any other object perfectionated in a manner that peculiarly takes his fancy, inquires the price, and if it happens to be at all within tradesman-like bounds, says, "No; I cannot give you that price, it is too little—I shall give you so and so,"—naming a third or fourth more than the price demanded! Now, if the Lambs' baker, for example, had charged them (as, it is said, bakers will) a dozen loaves in the weekly bill, when they must have known that they had eaten only half that number, the last thing they would have thought of was complaining of the overcharge. If they had not consumed the proper quantity to pay for the trouble of serving them, it was not the baker's fault; and the least they could do was to pay for it!

Now this was a kind of logic utterly incomprehensible to Becky, and she would not hear of it. Her master and mistress had a right to be as extravagant as they pleased; but they had no right to confound the distinctions between honesty and roguery, and it was what she could not permit. Nor must it be wondered at if she failed to recognise and admit the intellectual pretensions of persons who were evidently so behind the rest of the world in the knowledge of these first rudiments of household duties. Now there are few of us who would not duly prize a domestic with wit and honesty enough to protect us from the consequences of our

own carelessness or indifference. But who is there who, like Lamb, without caring one farthing for the advantages he might gain by Beckey's blunt honesty, would not merely overlook, but be even pleased and amused by the ineffable airs of superiority which she gave herself, on the strength of her superior genius for going the best way to market? The truth is, that Beckey used to take unwarrantable liberties, which everyone who visited the Lambs must have observed; though scarcely any could have known, or even guessed at, her grounds for doing so. Yet I never heard a complaint or a harsh word uttered of her, much less to her; and I believe there was no inconvenience, privation, or expense, that they would not have put up with, rather than exchange her honest roughness for the servile civility of anybody else.

I remember a trifling incident, which showed the interest the Lambs took in the welfare of this young woman, whom no one else, had she persisted in treating them personally as she did the Lambs, would have kept in their house a week, though she had been the best servant in the world. Her father, an interesting and excellent old man, had, from his advancing years, been thrown out of his ordinary employment as a porter and warehouseman, and had no means of support, but what his daughter could allow him. During this time he used to be constantly at the Lambs', and they had taken great trouble, and used every means, to get him into some situation; but in vain. At last (for it was quite at an early period of my acquaintance with them) they asked me if I could do anything for him; having, as they said, teased and bored all their other and older friends without success. I happened to have the means of putting him into a comfortable situation almost immediately; and I doubt if this trifling service had not more merit in Lamb's eyes, and did not afford him more real pleasure in bringing it about, than any one of the more important acts of benefit that he had been the medium of performing, for those personal friends in whom he felt an interest.

At last Beckey left them, to be married; and I believe this circumstance, more than anything else, was the cause of their giving up house-keeping; which they did shortly afterwards.

At the risk of being thought fanciful, and disposed to pry too curiously into the springs of thought and sentiment, I must venture to attribute to the fine humanity which I have sought to illustrate in the preceding anecdotes and remarks, another little story which might else be deemed too trifling for public notice. During the early part of my acquaintance with Lamb, when he lived at Colebrook row, he had staying on a visit with him, a large and very handsome dog, of a rather curious breed, belonging (I think) to Mr Thomas Hood. The Lambs (albeit spinster and bachelor) were not addicted to "dumb creatures," but this dog was an especial pet with both—(probably in virtue of his owner, who was a great favourite with them)—and he always accompanied Lamb on his long and rambling daily walks in the vicinity of that part of the metropolis. But what I wish to point out to the reader's attention is, that during these interminable rambles, heretofore pleasant, in virtue of their profound loneliness and freedom, as respected all companionship and restraint, Lamb made himself a perfect slave to this dog—whose habits were of the most extravagantly errant nature, and who, generally speaking, was half-a-mile off from his companion, either before or behind, scouring the fields or roads in all directions, scampering up or down in "all manner of streets," and keeping Lamb in a perfect fever of irritation and annoyance; for he was afraid of losing the dog when he was out of sight, and yet could not persuade himself to keep him in sight for a moment by curbing his roving spirit. And Dash (that was his name) knew Lamb's weakness in these particulars as well as he did himself, and took a due dog-like advantage of it. In the Regent's park, in particular, Dash had his master completely at his mercy; for the moment they got into the ring, he used to get through the paling on to the green sward, and disappear for a quarter or half an hour together, knowing perfectly well that Lamb did not dare to move from the spot where he (Dash) had disappeared, till such time as he thought proper to show himself again. And they used to take this particular walk much oftener than they otherwise would, precisely because Dash liked it, and Lamb did not.

I had often admired this dog; but was not a little astonished one day when Lamb and his sister came to dine with us at North End (near Fulham), where we then lived,—having brought Dash all the way with them on foot from Islington! It appeared, however, that they had not brought him with them purely for his own *delasement*, but to ask me if I would have him, "if it were out of charity." Miss Lamb said, half in joke, half earnest, "for if they kept him much longer, he would be the death of Charles!" I readily took charge of Dash (to be restored to his original master, Hood, in case of ill-behaviour and loss of favour); and I soon found, as I expected, that his wild and wilful ways were a pure

imposition upon the easy temper of Lamb, and that as soon as he found himself in the hands of one who knew what dog-decorum was, he subsided into the best bred and best behaved of his species.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XVIII.—HENRY IV.

[Concluded from last week.]

ONE of the most characteristic descriptions of Falstaff is that which Mrs Quickly gives of him when he asks her "What is the gross sum that I owe thee?"

"HOSTESS. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound; And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath; deny it, if thou canst."

This scene is to us the most convincing proof of Falstaff's power of gaining over the good will of those he was familiar with, except indeed Bardolph's somewhat profane exclamation on hearing the account of his death, "Would I were with him, wheresoe'er he is, whether in heaven or hell!"

One of the topics of exulting superiority over others most common in Sir John's mouth is his corpulence and the exterior marks of good living which he carries about him, thus "turning his vices into commodity." He accounts for the friendship between the Prince and Poins, from "their legs being both of a bigness;" and compares Justice Shallow to "a man made after supper of a cheese-paring." There cannot be a more striking gradation of character than that between Falstaff and Shallow, and Shallow and Silence. It seems difficult at first to fall lower than the squire; but this fool, great as he is, finds an admirer and humble foil in his cousin Silence. Vain of his acquaintance with Sir John, who makes a butt of him, he exclaims, "Would, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that which this knight and I have seen!"—"Ay, Master Shallow, we have heard the chimes at midnight," says Sir John. To Falstaff's observation "I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle," Silence answers, "Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now." What an idea is here conveyed of a prodigality of living? What good husbandry and economical self-denial in his pleasures? What a stock of lively recollections? It is curious that Shakspeare has ridiculed in Justice Shallow, who was "in some authority under the king," that disposition to unmeaning tautology which is the regal infirmity of later times, and which, it may be supposed, he acquired from talking to his cousin Silence, and receiving no answers.

"FALSTAFF. You have a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

SHALLOW. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John; marry, good air. Spread Davy. Well said, Davy.

FALSTAFF. This Davy serves you for good uses.

SHALLOW. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet. By the mass I have drunk too much sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. Come, cousin."

The true spirit of humanity, the thorough knowledge of the stuff we are made of, the practical wisdom which the seeming fooleries in the whole of the garden-scene at Shallow's country-seat, and just before in the exquisite dialogue between him and Silence on the death of old Double, have no parallel anywhere else. In one point of view, they are laughable in the extreme; in another they are equally affecting, if it is affecting to show *what a little thing is human life*, what a poor forked creature man is!

The heroic and serious part of these two plays founded on the story of Henry IV is not inferior to the comic and farcical. The characters of Hotspur and Prince Henry are two of the most beautiful and dramatic, both in themselves and from contrast, that ever were drawn. They are the essence of chivalry. We like Hotspur the best upon the whole, perhaps because he was unfortunate.—The characters of their fathers, Henry IV and old Northumberland, are kept up equally well. Henry naturally succeeds by

his prudence and caution in keeping what he has got; Northumberland fails in his enterprise from an excess of the same quality, and is caught in the web of his own cold dilatory policy. Owen Glendower is a masterly character. It is as bold and original as it is intelligible and thoroughly natural. The disputes between him and Hotspur are managed with infinite address and insight into nature. We cannot help pointing out here some very beautiful lines, where Hotspur describes the fight between Glendower and Mortimer.

"When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did
they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants."

The peculiarity and the excellence of Shakspeare's poetry is, that it seems as if he made his imagination the hand-maid of nature, and nature the play-thing of his imagination. He appears to have been all the characters, and in all the situations he describes. It is as if either he had had all their feelings, or had lent them all his genius to express themselves. There cannot be stronger instances of this than Hotspur's rage when Henry IV forbids him to speak of Mortimer, his insensibility to all that his father and uncle urge to calm him, and his fine abstracted apostrophe to honour, "By heaven! methinks it were an easy leap to pluck bright honour from the moon," &c. After all, notwithstanding the gallantry, generosity, good temper, and idle freaks of the mad-cap Prince of Wales, we should not have been sorry, if Northumberland's force had come up in time to decide the fate of the battle of Shrewsbury; at least, we always heartily sympathise with Lady Percy's grief, when she exclaims,—

"Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I (hanging on Hotspur's neck)
Have talked of Monmouth's grave."

The truth is, that we never could forgive the Prince's treatment of Falstaff; though perhaps Shakspeare knew what was best, according to the history, the nature of the times, and of the man. We speak only as dramatic critics. Whatever terror the French in those days might have of Henry V, yet, to the readers of poetry at present, Falstaff is the better man of the two. We think of him and quote him oftener.

TABLE TALK.

LITERATI, ETC. AT THE "FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD."

Thither flocked the illustrious personages of every land; for Francis and Henry vied with each, not merely in the display of gorgeous equipages, but in the rank and celebrity of their followers and courtiers. More, Linaker, Wolsey, Fisher, and Erasmus formed the literary strength of the English camp; Budé, Rabelais, St Gélais, and Clement Marot kept the table of the French monarch in a roar. It must have been, in truth, an interesting congress, and as brilliant in its intellectual character as in the *matériel* of its outward scenery. The chivalry of England had oft before met their rivals in mortal conflict for the possession of the soil they trod; but though Henry still wore the keys of France suspended to his girdle, it was in no hostile mood that the descendants of Talbot encountered the representatives of Duguesclin. Our Percys, Stanleys, and Howards, received the friendly grasp of Bayard, Lapalisse, and Chabannes; and the unfortunate Countess de Chateaubriand met there the no less ill-fated Anne de Bouleyn. While their eyes "rained influence" over this fairy land, little thought either, I ween, of the shadows of coming adversity, but moved gaily amid the admiring throng, or listened to the muse of Clement Marot.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

A SENSIBLE WORD FOR SERVANTS.

I have often thought the general complaints of annoyance from the faults of domestic servants scarcely reasonable, when we consider the class from which we receive them. With all the habits of disorderliness, negligence, and insensibility to filth and foul air in which they have, in many cases, been born, nursed, and bred, they enter our houses, and most readily undertake to keep them in proper order, to anticipate the numberless minutiae of our personal accommodation, and at once supply, by intuition or sympathy, our wants, nay, our whims. We soon find (though here, too, there are rare exceptions) that their notions and ours on all these points differ widely. Great disarray and want of cleanliness to

us, is order, neatness, and sweetness to them; ventilating of rooms, and airing of beds, are to them mere troublesome fancies; dusting is an unnecessary disturbance of what, by nature, falls so noiselessly, and lies so impartially; they remove, of course, only what is pointed out to them, and sit down contentedly in the midst of what remains. In nothing should we reap more every-day satisfaction from judicious education than in the improvement of our domestic servants.—*Simpson's Necessity of Popular Education.*

BEAUTIFUL FANCY.

That face has often returned to my mind, but I never could remember where I had seen it, and I have thought for years that I have met it in society, or that it had flitted past me in a dream. I never saw anything more ethereal than the whole countenance and figure. *What a golden foliage of clustered hair! and how delicately she holds those flowers, as if they were a sudden bloom opening from her fingers, or growing with her breath from her tremulous lips, and caught while they floated on the air!* But there is human living light in those grey eyes, and through them all the spirit of the lady speaks to us. [We have omitted to make a reference for this extract, and forget from what book we took it. Is it from 'Lodore?' or 'Francesca Carrara?' or 'Pierce Falcon, the Outcast?' or from what other novel, lately published? Upon reconsideration we think it must be from 'Arthur Coningsby.' The picture is very beautiful.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As the new arrangement in this Paper will leave but comparatively little room for Correspondence, and as it is painful at all times to reject letters intended for publication, we must throw ourselves upon the considerate kindness of our friends. We have lately received, for instance, many communications; some of which we should otherwise have inserted, but most of which we should have been compelled to withhold;

and, in now withholding almost all of them, we take the opportunity of being silent upon almost all, and of requesting that a like negative answer in future will not be thought uncivil or uncourteous. We have hitherto been very particular in answering Correspondents, partly for ordinary reasons, chiefly to extend a general spirit of courtesy and good-will; nor as long as our space and time allowed us to devote so much room to these notices, should we have thought fit, perhaps, to give up the custom. But circumstances require otherwise; and therefore we must beg our Readers to consider what will be best and least painful for both parties. All letters, as usual, will be carefully read, and all suggestions considered; and where the nature of the case manifestly demands it, an answer will, of course, be given; but in all other instances the Correspondent will have the goodness to make as handsome a construction of our silence as possible, and to attribute it to the cause the least unpleasant both to him and ourselves. In one respect he will assuredly be in the right, and very probably in both; for we would insert every letter sent us, if mere inclination to meet the wishes of the writers could settle such a matter: and we have often had communications which we should have inserted with pleasure for their own sakes, had our room permitted. We trust that the numerous Correspondents, who cultivate the graces of verse, will on one account be the less unwilling to forego their claims upon us, since the poetical part of our Paper will in future be occupied by CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS; the first number of which will appear next week.

As the LONDON JOURNAL and the PRINTING MACHINE, though of one accord in general spirit, will be under the responsibility of two different persons,

Correspondents who intend their communications for either department exclusively, will be good enough to address themselves accordingly. Notices to Correspondents will appear, for the same reason, at the foot of each division of the Paper.

Mr Egerton Webb's 'Thoughts on Language,' No. IV, in our next.

If A LOVER OF LONDON AND ITS JOURNAL will take the trouble to send to the Publisher, he will find a letter addressed to him.

"Association of Persons and Things" during Dreams," the first opportunity.

The 'Reflector,' was published in the way inquired about by a Correspondent, and Charles Lamb did write in it.

In answer to the letter from the author of the 'Dens of London,' we have to say—first, that we think he could not do better than continue these subjects (keeping in mind part of one objection that we made); and, secondly, that we are equally of opinion it would be to his interest to publish them in the same quarter as before. The ground was first broken up in that quarter; the subject, therefore, in some measure, belongs to it, and would be looked for in series (a great advantage); and there is no question, that writing in periodical works is, in almost every instance, much better for an author, than publishing in the shape of a book, especially when he himself is the publisher,—the *privater* he should rather be called, for it is usually but another mode for secreting and quashing his production. An author, to publish his own work to advantage, should be a regular bookseller. There is, otherwise, no comparison between the two channels of public communication.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

LORD BROUGHAM ON NATURAL THEOLOGY.

A Discourse of Natural Theology. By Henry Lord Brougham. Post 8vo. C. Knight.

In dealing with this book, it seems to be our best course not to occupy the space we can allot to it, otherwise than by giving our Readers an account of its object, furnishing, as we proceed, a few extracts to enable them to estimate its character and claims to attention. That its pages are rich in knowledge and strong in thought, the name of its distinguished author will have prepared the public to expect; nor will this expectation be disappointed. To ourselves, the volume seems of peculiar interest, independently of the instruction it conveys, as a striking illustration of the vigour which men of active habits frequently throw into their treatment of those speculative subjects which seem to supply a source of peculiar enjoyment to them, from the very contrast they afford to the activity and excitement of their customary occupations.

The book is dedicated to Earl Spencer, who, as the public will learn with some surprise, has not only devoted much time and thought to inquiries connected with Natural Theology, but had formed the design of giving to the world his thoughts on the subject, which Lord Brougham hopes he "will be moved to do all the more for the present address."

In this dedication we are informed that, the composition of the Discourse was undertaken in consequence of its having been often observed by its author, "that scientific men were apt to regard the subject of Natural Religion as little connected with philosophical pursuits. Many of the persons to whom I allude," continues his lordship, "were men of religious habits of thinking; others were free from any disposition towards scepticism, rather because they had not much discussed the subject, than because they had formed fixed opinions upon it after inquiry. But the bulk of them relied little upon Natural Theology, which they seemed to regard as a speculation built rather on fancy than on argument.

It therefore appeared to me desirable to define, more precisely than had yet been done, the place and the claims of Natural Theology among the various branches of human knowledge." About the same time that the author arrived at this conclusion, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was strongly urged to publish an edition of Dr Paley's popular work. Both Lord Brougham and Lord Spencer favoured the plan, but some of their colleagues were apprehensive that the adoption of it might open the door for the introduction of religious controversy, against the fundamental principles of the Society; the scheme was therefore abandoned. Lord Brougham, however, considered it expedient to carry this plan into execution by individual exertion, and had the good fortune to secure the assistance of Sir Charles Bell in the work of illustration. The present Volume is a Preliminary Discourse to Paley's work, the text of which is to be illustrated by his lordship and Sir Charles. We are informed that, with the exception of the third section and the greater portion of the notes, it was written during the intervals of leisure which the author enjoyed while he held the Great Seal of this kingdom, and has been revised and completed since.

In the introduction, the object of the undertaking is thus generally explained:—

"This Discourse is not a treatise of Natural Theology: it has not for its design an exposition of the doctrines whereof Natural Theology consists. But its object is, first, to explain the nature of the evidence upon which it rests—to show that it is a science, the truths of which are discovered by induction, like the truths of Natural and Moral Philosophy—that it is a branch of science partaking of the nature of each of those great divisions of human knowledge, and not merely closely allied to them both. Secondly, the object of the Discourse is to explain the advantages attending this study. The work, therefore is a *Logical* one."

The work is divided into two parts, the first of which treats of the nature of the subject, and the kind of evidence upon which Natural Theology rests;

and the second part treats of the advantages derived from the study of the science. We shall, for the present, limit our attention to the first part, which is divided into seven sections, the contents of which we should endeavour to analyse if we had any hope of doing so satisfactorily without trenching on the space we have allotted to the extracts, to which we now proceed.

The following extract is from one of the passages in the second section, by which the author illustrates his argument that the physical branch of Natural Theology and Physics, or, the two inquiries into the nature and constitution of the universe, and that into the evidence of design which it displays, are not only closely allied to each other, but are to a very considerable extent identical.

"A comparative anatomist, of profound learning and marvellous sagacity, has presented to him what to common eyes would seem a piece of half-decayed bone, found in a wild, in a forest, or in a cave. By accurately examining its shape, particularly the form of its extremity or extremities (if both ends happen to be intire), by close inspection of the texture of its surface, and by admeasurement of its proportions, he can with certainty discover the general form of the animal to which it belonged, its size as well as its shape, the economy of its viscera, and its general habits. Sometimes the investigation in such cases proceeds upon chains of reasoning where all the links are seen and understood; where the connexion of the parts found with other parts and with habitudes is perceived, and the reason understood,—as that the animal had a trunk, because the neck was short compared with its height; or that it ruminated, because its teeth were imperfect for complete mastication. But, frequently, the inquiry is as certain in its results, although some links of the chain are concealed from our view, and the conclusion wears a more empirical aspect—as gathering that the animal ruminated from observing the print of a cloven hoof, or that he had horns from his wanting certain teeth, or that he wanted the collar-bone from his having cloven hoofs. Limited experience having already shown such connexions as facts, more extended experience will assuredly one day enable us to comprehend the reason of the connexion.

"The discoveries already made in this branch of science are truly wonderful, and they proceed upon the strictest rules of induction. It is shown that animals formerly existed on the globe, being unknown varieties of species still known; but it also appears that species existed, and even genera, wholly unknown for the last five thousand years. These peopled the earth, as it was, not before the general deluge, but before some convulsion long prior to that event had overwhelmed the countries then dry, and raised others from the bottom of the sea. In these curious inquiries, we are conversant not merely with the world before the flood, but with a world which, before the flood, was covered with water, and which, in far earlier ages, had been the habitation of birds, and beasts, and reptiles. We are carried, as it were, several worlds back, and we reach a period when all was water, and slime, and mud, and the waste, without either man or plants, gave resting-place to enormous beasts like lions, and elephants, and river-horses, while the water was tenanted by lizards, the size of a whale, sixty or seventy feet long, and by others with huge eyes having shields of solid bone to protect them, and glaring from a neck ten feet in length, and the air was darkened by flying reptiles covered with scales, opening the jaws of the crocodile, and expanding wings, armed at the tips with the claws of the leopard."

"Now wherein, with reference to its nature and foundations, does this, vary from the inquiries and illustrations of Natural Theology? When from examining a few bones, or it may be a single fragment of a bone, we infer that, in the wilds where we found it, there lived and ranged, some thousands of years ago, an animal wholly different from any we ever saw, and from any of which any account, any tradition, written or oral, has reached us, nay, from any that ever was seen by any person of whose existence we ever heard, we assuredly are led to this remote conclusion, by a strict and rigorous process of reasoning; but, as certainly, we come through that process to the knowledge and belief of things unseen, both of us and of all men—things respecting which we have not, and cannot have, a single particle of evidence, either by sense or by testimony. Yet we harbour no doubt of the fact; we go farther, and not only implicitly believe the existence of this creature, for which we are forced to invent a name, but clothe it with attributes, till, reasoning step by step, we come at so accurate a notion of its form and habits, that we can represent the one, and describe the other, with unerring accuracy; picturing to ourselves how it looked, what it fed on, and how it continued its kind."

"Now, the question is this: What perceivable difference is there between the kind of investigations we have just been considering, and those of Natural Theology—except, indeed, that the latter are far more sublime in themselves, and incomparably more interesting to us? Where is the logical precision of the arrangement, which would draw a broad line of demarcation between the two speculations, giving to the one the name and the rank of a science, and refusing it to the other, and affirming that the one rested upon induction, but not the other? We have, it is true, no experience directly of that Great Being's existence in whom we believe as our Creator; nor have we the testimony of any man relating such experience of his own. But so, neither we, nor any witnesses in any age, have ever seen those works of that Being, the lost animals that once peopled the earth; and yet the lights of inductive science have conducted us to a full knowledge of their nature, as well as a perfect belief in their existence. Without any evidence from our senses, or from the testimony of eye-witnesses, we believe in the existence and qualities of those animals, because we infer by the induction of facts that they once lived, and were endowed with a certain nature. This is called a doctrine of inductive philosophy."

Our next extract is from a most valuable and interesting chapter, in which the author proves that the phenomena of mind, which natural theologians have studiously overlooked, supply as important and tangible evidences of design, and of the Divine power and goodness, as any which exist in the material world. We are bound to say that, in our opinion, Lord Brougham has never written anything which will procure him more respect from all thinking men, than this chapter. This may be said, indeed, of the entire work; but particularly of this our favourite chapter:—

"It is a law of our nature that any exertion becomes more easy the more frequently it is repeated. This might have been otherwise: it might have been just the contrary, so that each successive operation should have been more difficult; and it is needless to dwell upon the slowness of our progress as well as the painfulness of all our exertions, say, rather, the impossibility of our making any advances in learning, which must have been the result of such an intellectual conformation. But the influence of habit upon

the exercise of all our faculties is valuable beyond expression. It is indeed the great means of our improvement both intellectual and moral, and it furnishes us with the chief, almost the only, power we possess of making the different faculties of the mind obedient to the will. Whoever has observed the extraordinary feats performed by calculators, orators, rhymers, musicians, nay, by artists of all descriptions, can want no further proof of the power that man derives from the contrivances by which habits are formed in all mental exertions. The performances of the Italian *Improvvisatori*, or makers of poetry off-hand upon any presented subject, and in almost any kind of stanza, are generally cited as the most surprising efforts in this kind. But the power of *extempore speaking* is not less singular, though more frequently displayed, at least in this country. A practised orator will declaim in measured and in various periods—will weave his discourse into one texture—form parenthesis within parenthesis—excite the passions, or move to laughter—take a turn in his discourse from an accidental interruption, making it the topic of his rhetoric for five minutes to come, and pursuing in like manner the new illustrations to which it gives rise—mould his diction with a view to attain or to shun an epigrammatic point, or an alliteration, or a discord; and all this with so much assured reliance on his own powers, and with such perfect ease to himself, that he shall even plan the next sentence while he is pronouncing off-hand the one he is engaged with, adapting each to the other, and shall look forward to the topic which is to follow and fit in the close of the one he is handling to be its introducer; nor shall any auditor be able to discover the least difference between all this and the portion of his speech which he has got by heart, or tell the transition from the one to the other."

Is Lord Brougham aware that in this passage he has given us an account of the oratorical faculty as exemplified in himself? There are few other men to whom the description is applicable in all its circumstances.

But, although, writers on Natural Theology have neglected the evidences derivable from the phenomena of the human mind, they have dwelt largely on the instinct of animals, which are unquestionably mental faculties, although unconnected with any exercise of reason. With reference to these instincts, the author observes, that

"Certainly they do afford the most striking proofs of an intelligent cause, as well as of a unity of design in the world. The work of bees is among the most remarkable of all facts in both these respects. The form is, in every country the same—the proportions accurately alike—the size the very same to the fraction of a line, go where you will; and the form is proved to be that which the most refined analysis has enabled mathematicians to discover as of all others the best adapted for the purposes of saving room, and work, and materials. This discovery was only made about a century ago; nay, the instrument that enabled us to find it out—the *fluxional calculus*—was unknown half a century before that application of its powers. And yet the bee had been for thousands of years, in all countries, unerringly working according to this fixed rule, choosing the same exact angle of 120 degrees for the inclination of the sides of its little room, which everyone had for ages known to be the best possible angle, but also choosing the same exact angles of 110 and 70 degrees, for the inclinations of the roof, which no one had ever discovered till the 18th century, when Maclaurin solved that most curious problem of *maxima* and *minima*, the means of investigating which had not existed till the century before, when Newton invented the *calculus* whereby such problems can now be easily worked. It is impossible to conceive anything more striking as a proof of refined skill than the creation of such instincts, and it is a skill altogether applied to the formation of intellectual existence."

Our limits compel us to close here for the present; but we shall endeavour to give another notice of this work.

MISS KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.

Journal. By Frances Anne Butler. 2 vols. Murray. The notices of Miss Kemble (now Mrs Butler) on American society, have been looked for with some curiosity. Whether that curiosity will be adequately gratified by this Journal, we will not undertake to decide. Miss Kemble has produced a book which exhibits a very curious picture of her own mind, combined with some interesting details of the circumstances by which she was surrounded during her sojourn in the United States. It is, however, much more a record of her own thoughts than a narrative

of her personal observations. It will disappoint, therefore, one class of readers, while it will present a much higher interest to another, though a smaller class. Those who delight in the anatomy of individual character will here find abundant materials for speculation.

"Written," says Miss Kemble, "as my Journal was, day by day, and often after the fatigue of a laborious evening's duty at the theatre, it has infinite sins of carelessness to answer for; and but that it would have taken less time and trouble to re-write the whole book, or rather write a better, I would have endeavoured to correct them."—We can scarcely understand the principle upon which the book has been constructed. It is not a transcript of Miss Kemble's Journal, for there is scarcely a page in which omissions are not indicated by stars * * *. We do not object to this, for we have no unreasonable desire to be admitted into the innermost confidence of a young lady who feels as passionately as she expresses herself strongly. But the entirety of the "personal history" being thus destroyed, we confess that, to our minds, many other things might have been omitted with great advantage. It does not appear to us that the interest or the verisimilitude of this book are much increased by the constant repetition of "put out things for the theatre;"—"dressed for dinner;"—"after breakfast, practised;"—"or, "mended habit-shirt;"—"nor that it is of much historical importance to the English public to learn that, "Mr — called, and sat with us till six o'clock;"—"that "Colonel and Mr — called in while we were at supper;"—"or that, Miss Kemble making a call, "found Mrs — at home."—As there are omissions, we think that these matters, which literally occupy one fourth of the book, might as well have been omitted too.

We are not quite so sure that many passages of a very different nature, which made us start, ought to have perished under the pruning-knife of an editor. They have a curious human interest about them, and are sometimes delightful in their naïveté, and sometimes ludicrous in their inconsistency. Too often, however, they are very painful; for they reveal to us how much of real misery there is in the struggle which is constantly going forward in an ardent and imperfectly-disciplined mind. We say this with a very sincere regard for the character developed in this Journal;—with a high admiration for the talents of the writer, and a still greater respect for her spirit, and energy, and independence;—but we cannot avoid regretting that these advantages have done so little for her own happiness, and that the "aching void" is so constant. We fear that this is the case with all creatures of impulse, who have cultivated the imagination at the expense of the judgment;—and who, however clear their perceptions or elevated their notions of duty, are alternately votaries of reason or slaves of prejudice, and have not that command over their own stores of gratification, which, in spite of the most adverse circumstances, is entrusted to every human being who has learnt to

"Make the happiness we cannot find."

Early in the Journal we are startled by the misanthropy of a young woman, who had earned the applause of admiring crowds long before most persons of her own profession can obtain an opportunity of emerging from the gloomiest obscurity. A land-swallow sinks down on the deck of the packet-ship. The writer exclaims, "Poor little creature! how very much more do I love all things than men and women!" The bird dies. "I am sorry. I could mourn almost as much over the death of a soulless animal, as I could rejoice at that of a brute with a soul." This is not exactly what we should expect; but it is only one of many inconsistencies. Miss Kemble has a natural piety about her, which constantly sheds a beauty and holiness over these pages:—and yet it is as constantly mixed up with a sort of levity, amounting almost to profaneness, which seems absolutely incompatible with the existence of an abiding religious belief. "The devil driving a hurricane,"—the "ghastly smiles of the devil,"—"a miniature hell,"—are samples of expressions not few or

far between. Again, it is quite clear, that all Miss Kemble's more sober thoughts are of a liberal nature as regards the improvement of the masses of mankind, and the institutions upon whose onward progress their happiness so mainly depends. And yet the most marked traits of an aristocratic education are constantly exposed to view. "A first visit is an awkward thing; and nothing that isn't *thorough-bred* ever does it quite well."—"I would rather, by far, have some barbarous Saxon giant to my ancestor, than all the wealth of the earth to my dower." Nor is this sort of pride merely speculative. At New York Miss Kemble goes into a shop to buy some gauze, and, being perfectly aware of the manners of the people, is offended beyond measure when one of the shopmen said, "They were most anxious to show me every attention, and render my stay in this country agreeable." She answered, "Thank you," but adds in the Journal, "I have no idea of holding parley with clerks behind a counter, still less of their doing so with me." And yet, in her own professional case, she holds, and very properly, that there is nothing for an actor to be grateful for to an audience, because the whole affair is one of exchange. Is the clerk behind the counter in a different position? All this, however, is nothing but the dregs of home prejudices. Miss Kemble, in many places, does justice to the much-abused American manners, with a kindness of heart that shows she is above that miserable pride which she conventionally expresses. It is, however, clear that her education has been of a very artificial, and, in many respects, contracted character, which leads her to deliver herself with the most perfect confidence upon matters upon which she is totally uninformed. The following dogma is amusing: "England offers the only exception that I have advanced, namely, that the republican form of government is inimical to poetry. For it was during the short and shameful period of fanatical republicanism, which blots her annals, that the glory and the might of Milton rose upon the world. He is the only great poet who ever flourished under a republic." After this trash we are not surprised to find this modest rhapsody in a young lady's Journal—"I wouldn't be in the Reform Parliament of England for ten thousand pounds!—and—, the bruiser and the bankrupt! Oh shame! England, shame! Poor England!"—Just the same sort of ignorance dictates the miserable inconsistencies of rejoicing in the apparent prosperity of the American labourer, and lamenting over the necessity of his constant toil. "It is a real and deep evil arising from the institutions of this country, that every man must toil from day to day for his daily bread." What can this mean? If institutions were different would "daily bread" be as plenty as blackberries? Ask the savages whom the white men have driven out. Or does it mean that the American institutions prevent the accumulation of property? The book constantly furnishes evidence to the contrary. It means nothing but that the writer too often strives to say a strong thing and a pithy thing, without the slightest knowledge of what she is talking about. Those, therefore (the capitalists of England), whom she denounces as the cruel oppressors of the poor, "wringing hard earnings from their starving grasp, and growing wealthy on their plunder," may smile and pity. But we turn to better things;—which we shall give in the shape of extracts:—

AMERICAN CIVILITY.

The street was very much thronged, and I thought the crowd a more civil and orderly one than an English crowd. The men did not jostle or push one another, or tread upon one's feet, or kick down one's shoe-heels, or crush one's bonnet into one's face, or turn it round upon one's head, all which I have seen done in London streets. There is this to be said: this crowd was abroad merely for pleasure, sauntering along, which is a thing never seen in London; the proportion of idle loungers who frequent the streets there being very inconsiderable, when compared with the number of people going on business through the town. I observed that the young men, to-night, invariably made room for women to pass, and many of them, as they drew near to us, took the segar from their mouth, which I thought especially courteous.—Vol. i, page 65.

The people here are more civil and considerate than can be imagined. I sent, yesterday evening, for some water-ice: the confectioner had none; when, lo! to-night he brings me some he has made on purpose for me, which he intreats my acceptance of. I admired a very pretty fan Mrs— had in her hand; and at the end of the play she has sent it to my dressing-room; and these sort of things are done by me, not once, but ten times every day. Nothing can exceed the kindness and attention which has encountered us everywhere since we have been in this country. I am sure I am bound to remember America and the Americans thankfully; for, whatever I may think of their ways, manners, or peculiarities, to me they have shown unmingled goodwill, and cordial real kindness.—Vol. ii, pp. 77, 78.

AMERICAN TREATMENT OF HORSES.

The hackney coaches in this country are very different from those perilous receptacles of dust and dirty straw which disgrace the London stands. They are comfortable within and clean without; and the horses harnessed to them never exhibit those shocking specimens of cruelty and ill-usage which the poor hack-horses of London present. Indeed, (and it is a circumstance which deserves notice, for it bespeaks general character,) I have not seen, during a two-years' residence in this country, a single instance of brutality towards animals, such as one is compelled to witness hourly in the streets of any English town.—Vol. i, p. 125, note.

AMERICAN HURRY.

The Americans are in too great a hurry to plant hedges: they have abundance of native material, but a wooden fence is put up for a few weeks; a hedge takes as many years to grow; and, as I said before, an American has not time to be a year about anything. When first the country was settled, the wood was an encumbrance, and it was cut down accordingly: that is by no means the case now; and the only recommendation of these fences is, therefore, the comparative rapidity with which they can be constructed. One of the most amiable and distinguished men of this country remarked to me, that the Americans were in too great a hurry about everything they undertook to bring anything to perfection. And, certainly, as far as my observation goes, I should calculate that an American is born, lives, and dies, twice as fast as any other human creature. I believe one of the great inducements to this national hurry is, that "time is money," which is true; but it is also true, sometimes, that "most haste makes worst speed."—Vol. i, p. 159, note.

AMERICA AS A NATION.

In beholding this fine young giant of a world, with all its magnificent capabilities for greatness, I think every Englishman must feel unmingled regret at the unjust and unwise course of policy which alienated such a child from the parent government. But, at the same time, it is impossible to avoid seeing that some other course must ere long have led to the same result, even if England had pursued a more maternal course of conduct towards America. No one, beholding this enormous country, stretching from ocean to ocean, watered with ten thousand glorious rivers, combining every variety of climate and soil, therefore every variety of produce and population, possessing within itself every resource that other nations are forced either to buy abroad, or to create substitutes for at home; no one, seeing the internal wealth of America, the abundant fertility of the earth's surface, the riches heaped below it, the unparalleled facilities for the intercourse of men and the interchange of their possessions throughout its vast extent, can for an instant indulge the thought that such a country was ever destined to be an appendage to any other in the world, or that any chain of circumstances whatever could have long maintained in dependence a people furnished with every means of freedom and greatness. But far from regretting that America has thrown off her allegiance, and regarding her as a rebellious subject, and irreverent child, England will surely, ere long, learn to look upon this country as the inheritor of her glory—the younger England, destined to perpetuate the language, the memory, the virtues of the noble land from which she is descended. Loving and honouring my country as I do, I cannot look upon America with any feeling of hostility. I not only hear the voice of England in the language of this people, but I recognise in all their best qualities—their industry, their honesty—their sturdy independence of spirit—the very witnesses of their origin—they are English, no other people in the world would have licked us as they did; nor any other people in the world built up upon the ground they won, so sound, and strong, and so fair an edifice.—Vol. i, p. 237, 8, note.

We conclude with an amusing picture which Miss Kemble has drawn from her professional experience;—but which furnishes by no means an average specimen of the American stage:—

The play went off pretty smoothly except that they broke one man's collar-bone, and nearly dislo-

cated a woman's shoulder, by flinging the scenery about. My bed was not made in time, and when the scene drew, half a dozen carpenters, in patched trowsers and tattered shirt sleeves, were discovered smoothing down my pillows and adjusting my draperies. The last scene is too good not to be given verbatim:—

ROMEO. Rise, rise my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms.

Here he pounced upon me, plucked me up in his arms like an uncomfortable bundle, and staggered down the stage with me.

JULIET (*aside*). Oh! you have got me up horribly!—that'll never do. Let me down; pray let me down.

ROMEO. There, breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!

JULIET (*aside*). Pray, put me down; you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me on the ground directly.

In the midst of "cruel, cursed fate," his dagger fell out of his dress; I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it at the end.

ROMEO. Tear not my heart-strings thus!
They crack! they break! Juliet! Juliet! (*dies*).

JULIET (*to corpse*). Am I smothering you?

CORPSE (*to Juliet*). Not at all. Could you be so kind, do you think, as to put my wig on again for me? It has fallen off.

JULIET (*to corpse*). I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broken the phial, haven't you?

(*Corpse nodded.*)

JULIET (*to corpse*). Where's your dagger?

CORPSE (*to Juliet*). 'Pon my soul I don't know.

Vol. ii, pp. 113, 114.

COLERIDGE'S TABLE TALK.

Specimens of the Table Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 398 and 364. London, 1835.

THE title which has been given to these volumes is, perhaps, the one most likely to take the public attention; but it is not the most accurately descriptive of their contents that might have been found. It is scarcely, we apprehend, such a title as Coleridge himself, with his scrupulosity about words and names, and his nice appreciation of their differences, would have approved in a similar case. We do not object so much to the term, *Table Talk*, which ever since the publication of the famous collection of the sayings and opinions of Luther under that title has had a latitudinarian meaning, embracing almost everything which may be anyhow orally delivered; and had the book been designated *Fragments of, or Gleanings from, the Table Talk of Coleridge*, we should have had little or nothing to find fault with. But a fragment and a specimen are quite different things. A specimen, though it be of necessity but a part, is yet a part which shows the whole, and which preserves, in so far as it extends, the entire character and spirit of the whole. To take the common illustration, a single brick is a fragment, but not a specimen, of the building from which it has been taken. Or, to come at once to matters of intellect and literature, the 'Scenes' published by Charles Lamb are properly intitled *specimens* of our old dramatists, being, at least, perfect portions; but nobody would think of calling Dodd's 'Beauties,' *specimens* of Shakspeare. Much less, then, is this the true name for a collection like the present, not a single paragraph in which probably retains the exact form in which it fell from the lips of Coleridge. This is as much as confessed by the Editor, who, in his preface, says, "I know better than anyone can tell me, how inadequately these specimens represent the peculiar splendour and individuality of Mr Coleridge's conversation. How should it be otherwise? Who could follow to the turning point his long arrow-flights of thought? Who could fix those ejaculations of light, those tones of a prophet, which at times have made me bend before him as before an inspired man? Such acts of spirit as these were too subtle to be fettered down on paper; they live—if they can live anywhere—in the memories alone, of those who witnessed them." But, in truth, all who have ever heard Coleridge talk will at once perceive that much more than what seems to be here

admitted—how much more than manner and tones—has been lost in the process of forming this very imperfect record. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? We doubt the powers of short-hand, itself, to take down every word of an uninterrupted discourse, of any considerable length, so as to produce, as it were, a perfect cast or *fac simile* of it; but, at any rate, the most wonderful memory that ever existed, certainly could not achieve anything of the kind. These notes of Mr Coleridge's conversation were, of course, written down, from recollection, some time—often, probably, some hours, or it might be, some days—after the reporter had left the speaker's presence—and we may be pretty certain that, in this way of proceeding, rarely anything more than the mere outline, or skeleton of the discourse, could be preserved. The filling up, in so far as anything of the kind was attempted, would be, really, for the most part not Coleridge's, but the reporter's own. And we find this inference completely confirmed, when we proceed to inspect the book. It ranges over a period of twelve years, and, we suppose, the number of conversations, in all, is not much less than two hundred. But the entire quantity of matter, in the two volumes, is scarcely more than Coleridge would have poured forth in a couple of evenings. Does the style, then, of these specimens, really much resemble that of Coleridge's conversation? In general, we must acknowledge that, to our feeling, it does not. It has, throughout, an artificial, occasionally almost an epigrammatic, triteness—a Dutch minuteness and elaboration of finish—a hardness and air of constraint—very unlike, as it seems to us, to the full, natural flow, and magnificent sweep of that river-like eloquence of which it professes to be the transcript. With perfect correctness of phraseology, and the most logical and luminous method, Coleridge's discourse united an excursive, and a parenthetical luxuriance, if we may so speak, that were altogether wonderful. It was equally remarkable for its diffusion and for its continuousness. As he here says of Shakespeare, one sentence begot the next naturally; the meaning was all interwoven (II, 145); like that poet in his blank dramatic verse, he was "diffused, with a linked sweetness long drawn out" (I, 127). These short, abrupt fragments convey little or nothing of all this. They are but the bare, sapless stick, which is the wintry representative of the leaf-clad and cluster-laden vine of midsummer. But let us give the picture which the Editor himself has drawn, and which we can testify, as all indeed will do who knew the man, is in no lineament overcharged:—

"To leave the every-day circle of society, in which the literary and scientific rarely—the rest never—break through the spell of personality;—where Anecdote reigns everlastingly paramount and exclusive, and the mildest attempt to generalize the Babel of facts, and to control temporary and individual phenomena by the application of eternal and overruling principles, is unintelligible to many, and disagreeable to more;—to leave this species of converse, if converse it deserves to be called, and pass an entire day with Coleridge, was a marvellous change indeed. It was a Sabbath past expression deep, and tranquil, and serene. You came to a man who had travelled in many countries and in critical times; who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks, and in many of its vicissitudes and weaknesses; one to whom all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to whom, with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was in a most extraordinary degree familiar. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might, for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do, without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others, save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse,—without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position;—gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward for ever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the party-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while

you might forget that he was other than a fellow-student and the companion of your way,—so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye!"

The following is another description, which occurs in one of the notes, the scene, the Exhibition of Ancient Masters (July 1831) at the British Gallery in Pall Mall:—

"Mr Coleridge was in high spirits, and seemed to kindle in his mind at the contemplation of the splendid pictures before him. He did not examine them all by the catalogue, but anchored himself before some three or four great works, telling me that he saw the rest of the gallery *potentially*. I can yet distinctly recall him, half leaning on his old simple stick, and his hat off in one hand, whilst with the fingers of the other he went on, as was his constant wont, figuring in the air a commentary of small diagrams, wherewith, as he fancied, he could translate to the eye those relations of form and space which his words might fail to convey with clearness to the ear. His admiration for Rubens showed itself in a sort of joy and brotherly fondness; he looked as if he would shake hands with his pictures. What the company, which by degrees formed itself round this silver-haired, bright-eyed, music-breathing, old man, took him for, I cannot guess; there was probably not one there who knew him to be that Ancient Mariner, who held people with his glittering eye, and constrained them, like three years' children, to hear his tale. In the midst of his speech, he turned to the right hand, where stood a very lovely young woman, whose attention he had involuntarily arrested; to her, without apparently any consciousness of her being a stranger to him, he addressed many remarks, although I must acknowledge they were couched in a somewhat softer tone, as if he were soliciting her sympathy. He was, verily, a gentle-hearted man at all times; but I never was in company with him in my life, when the entry of a woman, it mattered not who, did not provoke a dim gush of emotion, which passed like an infant's breath over the mirror of his intellect."

The report of the discourse of two hours delivered on this occasion fills about five widely printed pages—as much as would be spoken in little more than five minutes. Yet this is one of the fullest reports in the work.

In another place the Editor says of an evening they spent together:—

"When I look upon the scanty memorial, which I have alone preserved of this afternoon's converse, I am tempted to burn these pages in despair. Mr Coleridge talked a volume of criticism that day, which, printed verbatim as he spoke it, would have made the reputation of any other person but himself. He was, indeed, particularly brilliant and enchanting, and I left him at night so thoroughly magnetized, that I could not for two or three days afterwards reflect enough to put anything on paper."

Nevertheless we are glad that the Editor has not burned his papers, but has given his notes to the world, such as they are—even although, as we have said, we must think them a very inadequate representation of Coleridge's living discourse;—and although, also, there are some things in the book which we certainly wish had not been published. The passages of the latter description, we beg to say, are not any of those in which the speaker is made to expound his views in politics, religion, or as to any other matter, in the form of reasoning, however much they may differ from our own; it would be absurd to expect or to wish that such expositions should have been withheld, nor can we have any other feeling with regard to them than that what of truth they may contain may make, as eventually it no doubt will, its due impression. But there are various mere expressions of opinion in these volumes, unsupported by reasoning of any kind,—which look, therefore, only like effusions of spleen or passion, and are as little calculated, we are sure, to do honour to the memory of the eminent person to whom they are attributed, as they are to convey instruction to anyone who may read them. We must say that we consider the publication of matter of this kind as decidedly unwarrantable, were it only for its unfairness to Coleridge. It is matter which he himself certainly never would have published; for, whatever may be thought of the truth or falsehood of some of his opinions, all who know his printed works will admit, that he is remarkable above most writers for his avoidance on all occasions of mere authoritative statement, and the anxious pains he takes to explain his reasons for whatever he advances. He would

have felt that he was insulting the public, if he had ever offered to it his bare *ipse dixit* on any important point, in lieu of a full and fair examination of it. But some of the *dicta* here recorded are not only unsupported by any grounds for our acceptance of them; they are, from their nakedness, absolutely unintelligible. As an instance, we may refer to what is said in several places about the doctrines of Mr Malthus, and especially to the violent denunciation of what is called "the monstrous practical sophism" of that writer, at page 88 of volume second. We protest we do not know what it is that is here alluded to; and since the Editor has thought proper to retain the passage, we should have been glad had he at least informed us in a note what the said sophism is. We well remember a conversation which we once had with Coleridge on the subject of Mr Malthus's Essay. On that occasion he denounced, with great indignation, the position which Mr Malthus originally took up;—but he admitted, or rather it was the main object of what he said to show, that in the later editions of his Essay, the author had entirely receded from this ground, and thereby, as Coleridge contended, both abandoned all that was really new in his theory, and wholly destroyed its efficacy, as a demonstration of that which it was at first brought forward to establish. In the form to which it was eventually reduced, he seemed to consider Mr Malthus's doctrine as little more than a harmless truism.

But notwithstanding these abatements, we have no hesitation in saying that the collection before us, taken altogether, is one of the very highest interest. It may be considered as 'properly' belonging to the numerous class of publications called the 'Ana,' professing to detail the sayings and opinions of eminent men; but it is by far the most valuable book of that sort that has ever been given to the world. The chief part of its value, however, will only be understood by those who have studied Mr Coleridge's writings. To the multitude of readers much of it, we fear, will be but a stumbling block and foolishness. But to those who have made themselves acquainted with the general spirit and outlines of his philosophy, as already partially delivered in his writings and conversation, the further explanations and illustrations of many points which are here given, are invaluable. To 'The Friend,' (of which, by the by, we rejoice to understand that a new and corrected edition is about to appear), 'The Biographia Literaria,' 'The Lay Sermons,' 'The Aids to Reflection,' and the 'Church and State,' these volumes will henceforth be indispensable companions.

In the small space that now remains to us, however, we can only add one or two extracts from the lighter portions of the miscellany.

FIELDING.

What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word, I think the 'Edipus Tyrannus,' the 'Alchemist,' and 'Tom Jones' the three most perfect plots ever planned. And how charming, how wholesome, Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson, is like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves, into an open lawn, on a breezy day in May.

CHARACTER OF POLONIUS.—PRINCIPLES AND MAXIMS.

A Maxim is a conclusion upon observation of matters of fact, and is merely retrospective: an Idea, or if you like, a Principle, carries knowledge within itself, and is prospective. Polonius is a man of maxims. Whilst he is descending on matters of past experience, as in that excellent speech to Laertes before he sets out on his travels, he is admirable; but when he comes to advise or project, he is a mere dotard. You see, Hamlet, as the man of ideas, despises him. A man of maxims only is like a Cyclops with one eye, and that eye placed in the back of his head.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as in like manner imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower.

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